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January, 1955

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ADORATION OF THE CHILD JESUS

Sandro Botticelli

The Holy Cross Magazine

Jan.



1955

Mission Fantasy

BY ALAN WHITTEMORE, O. H. C.

The passenger express ship "Accra" pushes its nose through blue, tropical water on its journey from England to West Africa. It is seven days out from Liverpool and is due tomorrow at Freetown, Sierra Leone. The past three days have been torrid.

Let us join the group of five men in khaki shorts and white shirts, open at the neck, who have sought refuge in the cool of the smoking room.

They have become boon companions on the voyage and represent a cross-section of veteran African whites. One is a British civil servant in the Gold Coast; another, the chief of the Freetown police; two are traders, representing British firms in Nigeria; the fifth is an American Protestant Episcopal missionary.

The other four have been particularly friendly to "the padre", but today they are letting off steam and pulling no punches in their criticism of missions and missionaries.

"You'll see when you get there, Padre," says one of the traders. "The missions have

spoiled the natives. They've dished out everything from Bibles to umbrellas. They've given bigger wages than people were worth. So, now, every bozo who calls himself a Christian hates to work and thinks every white man he sees was sent out by God for the special purpose of doling out presents to the natives. Pauperized—that's what they are. The missions are responsible. Not so, Vickers?"

"Right," says the other trader. "But the thing I don't like about them is not so much their laziness. Most natives are that anyway. But the trouble with mission boys is that they're even worse thieves than the general run. I've been on the West Coast for fifteen years now, off and on. I've had all kinds of stewards and house-boys. And I wouldn't take another so-called Christian on a bet. The Mohammedans are ten times more dependable."

"I'd make one exception to that statement," says Brown, (the police captain). "The Roman Catholics know how to train their boys. No foolish sentimentality there.

Those priests know their job. They'll give a boy as good a flogging when he needs it as any man in the force."

A chorus of "Right you are!" greets this dictum. The padre has noticed, with some perplexity, all through the voyage that the white people who know the Coast (and who at home would share all the prejudices to Roman Catholic beliefs and practices of the rank and file of Britons) entertain a great admiration for Roman Catholic missions. In their general and somewhat monotonous diatribes, they always make this exception.

Well, the padre recognizes that he is a green-horn. This is his first trip out. He files "the Roman Catholic exception" in his memory to be checked when occasion offers. Already, however, there is a tentative question in his mind. Granted all that has been said in favor of his Roman brethren (and he is rejoiced that any exception is made at all) granted the truth of much of the criticism of the others, the latter cannot be wholly obtuse and misguided. Is it possible that part of these white men's animus is grounded unconsciously on the fact that they want the old economic and social distinctions to continue;

that missions in general are teaching respect and a desire for freedom and progress?

But now Roberts, the Civil Servant, speaking. He is a tall, rangy man with different background from his three country patriots and a University accent.

"The real trouble, you know, is that the black chappies never were meant to be Christians. Their whole mental outlook is against it. I believe there's a God, right enough, Padre, but (if you'll excuse my saying so) I don't believe He's cast in the mould of John Bull or even of Uncle Sam."

"Charteris has it right," agrees Brown. "Mohammedanism fits in with these people's set-up. It's a step higher than witchcraft and just about as high as they can go."

"The whole situation is against you, Padre," Charteris continues, "not only psychologically, but on economic grounds. The native African's agricultural system (and his polity as well) is based on polygamy. You can't root it out in the first place; and if you could, there would be economic chaos."

"Well," exclaims the padre, "you fellows have spoken your mind, and I appreciate it. You have the advantage of me because you've all lived in Africa and I haven't. But would you object if I asked you a few straight questions?"

"Hear, hear," is the rejoinder.

"Oak," the padre continues. "Charteris says Accra is a big place. There must be lots of churches. How far from where you live is the nearest one?"

"Across the street," says Charteris.

"Are white people allowed?" asks the missionary. "Do any of them ever go?"

"Not many," Charteris laughs. "They're not allowed all right. The truth is that the prison makes our lives miserable, whenever he gets a chance, exhorting us to attend services. But I don't see myself taking Communion with black people. The governor's wife drops in occasionally, I believe, and a couple of other women folk. Church of England," he adds.

"Well, then," says the missionary, "I often, as a general thing do you go to church when you are in Africa?"



THRESHING RICE BY POUNDING IN A MORTAR

"Now, Padre, you're putting me on the spot. To be perfectly frank, I went exactly the other way. It was Christmas Day, year before last. My wife dragged me."

"All right," says the padre. "We'll continue the inquisition. How about you, Vicars?"

"I've never spoiled my record," says Vicars with some amusement. "But I've a better excuse than Charteris. The church is two blocks away from where I'm quartered!" Brown and Carpenter (the second trader) make similar reports.

"All right," says the padre. "You men know Africa and I don't. What's more, as I've said, I appreciate the frankness with which you've talked with me.

"But has it ever struck you that, from one point of view, you haven't a right to speak the word against missions?"

"Granted we missionaries are a bunch of wash-outs. We are. Granted we make all the mistakes in the world; what are you going to help?"

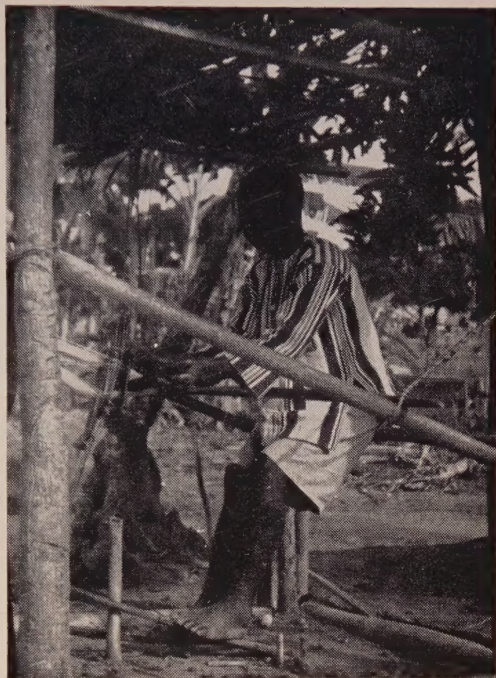
"Excuse me for speaking bluntly, but you're good sports and you want me to have my say. I've had it straight from some of my buddies who've been out there that one of the biggest obstacles to teaching Christianity on the Coast is the way most white men live.

"I'm not speaking of the men who hit the booze and run around with native women. That's a different story again.

"But, here we are, we missionaries. Whatever faults and blunders we're guilty of, we want to bring these souls to Christ who died for them. We're sweating at it, doing our level best. It seems to me that we might expect a bit of teamwork from the rest of you."

The padre is all afire now. However much you and I may deprecate his slang, we must try to be lenient.

"You four men," he continues, looking into the eyes of first one and then another. "I happen to know that you're all Christians; you've all been baptized. If you were doing your darndest to help put Christianity over you would have a right to grouse at us misguided parsons.



AT A LOOM—MEN DO THE WEAVING
IN THE HINTERLAND

"Only," he smiles, "in that case, you probably wouldn't be grouching at us but at yourselves.

"But, just on the grounds of sportmanship, it strikes me that not one of you has earned the right to throw a single brick. I should think you would feel that either you must do your part up to the hilt or else the only decent thing is to refrain from criticising the poor guys who *are* trying!"

This outburst is greeted with applause which shows that, after all, sportmanship is not dead in Britain.

Our next vignette is framed by the second floor veranda of the Bishop's House in a certain West African town. (You must excuse me, by the way, if all my illustrations are African. They apply to the rest of the mission-field as well.)

The Bishop wears a white cassock with a purple scarf around his waist. Behind him, on a line with the padre's vision, are the jagged green leaves of the top of a paw-paw tree; further away still, the fronds of a

couple of palms with the bluest sky the padre ever has seen, as background.

Greetings are over. The Bishop is giving a bird's eye view of the state of affairs in his jurisdiction; its achievements, its hopes and its problems.

"Do you mean," asks the padre, "That Burns is the only white priest you have besides myself?"

"Just that," says the Bishop, "and what's more, he ought to have gone home six months ago. As soon as you get the hang of things we must send him."

"But what's the matter? I should think you could get more men to come out here than you could shake a stick at. Have you tried the seminaries?"

The Bishop's laugh is one to be remembered. There is no bitterness in it—just sheer mirth. He sees himself in retrospect, visiting one American seminary after another, showing his movies, explaining the need for white priests at a dozen different stations, talking himself blue in the face. He sees the eager, attentive gaze of a roomful of seminarists, recalls those who asked him questions afterwards, who said they wanted to go out, who gave him their names. Jones did not come because his own Bishop would not release him during his diaconate and had the further happy idea of persuading him to wait three years to make sure that he wanted to go to Africa. At the end of the three years, Jones was *perfectly* sure that he didn't. Hamlin was deflected by the powers that be to another mission field. Wilson was already engaged to a girl who (as it turned out) had no over-weening hankering for the tropics. Thatcher, Newman and Smith all meant well. They played with the idea for a good while. They did more than play. They prayed. But, at last, they listened to their friends' persuasions. "Missions are all right. But for you, Tom, to go to work among African savages just doesn't make sense. You have a Ph. D from Harvard. You've topped your class at the Seminary. Why, to send you out would be a wicked waste. It would be like using a fine sword of tempered steel to hack down a tree. We need you here. There are plenty of heathens here in America without going four thousand

miles. When America gets converted, then it will be time to hunt for trouble."

As a matter of fact, these same arguments were levelled at the Bishop, long ago, when he was leaving the Seminary. He, too, was given to understand that he was one man in a thousand and that the world depended on his taking a curacy, right away, in a certain big city parish. Why had he not tumbled to the arguments? Perhaps it was partly a sense of humor. He just could not believe that he was quite so important. He thought he would take a chance, anyway, and see if the world stopped moving. (It hadn't.) Partly it was because he knew that whatever abilities he had would never be wasted. He could see, even way back then, that no job in the world calls for greater or more diversified talents than that of a missionary at the Church's outposts.

His experience has borne this out. He has had to design buildings, set broken legs, judge serious disputes, over-see the baking of bricks, teach high-school geometry, negotiate between his own and another government; he has made maps, translated the four Gospels, built bridges, and pulled teeth. He has taught house-boys to cook, has kept books and run a native scout-troop. On one occasion he saved the scanty and an important herd of goats at a village by inventing a new kind of leopard trap. He has become an authority on West African agricultural and knows what can and cannot be done to improve it.

All that he had ever learned in the field of anthropology, history, philosophy and comparative religion has been put to the test in a painstaking reverend study of the manifold ways in which, for centuries before the missionaries came, God had been preparing the people for Christ.

In brief, he continues to chuckle as the very notion presents itself that anyone on earth could have too highly developed talents (in any lines whatsoever) to become a missionary.

The truth of the matter is that we are woefully inadequate but that, thanks be to God, He knows how to use "the weak things of the world" and even "the foolish things"

But the young padre brings the Bishop back to his veranda and the business in hand.



BOLAHUN—THANKSGIVING OFFERING

"How about the native clergy?" he asks. "How many are there?"

"A couple of score," replies the Bishop. "They are not very satisfactory?"

"That reminds me of the statement which a white priest once made to old Father Benson of Cowley, to the effect that colored clergy are not satisfactory. 'Do you know any white clergy who are satisfactory?' asked Father Benson."

"Seriously, though," the Bishop continues, "we have lots of trouble. A few of the native priests are earnest, prayerful and disciplined. Others are anything but. What we need is a seminary or training school under the finest possible supervision. We need two or three trained, extra-capable teachers; and a good long course in which not only the mind is taught, but the character is moulded and, above all, the spirit is guided in the ways of prayer."

"But," the Bishop adds, "that calls not only for men but for money."

"How much do you get each year?" asks the padre.

"You mean for everything—travel to and from America and in the field; buildings and equipment for mission stations, schools and hospitals; salaries for white and colored workers, my own included; everything, you mean?"

"Yes," says the padre.

"I'll tell you," the Bishop replies. "If you should add up the current expenses of the six leading New York City parishes and then divide by six, you would find that the amount spent on itself in a year by each of those city parishes is more than twice as much as we receive all told, directly and indirectly, for this entire jurisdiction."

* * * *

Now let us take another flight and arrive at the padre's station in the bush three months after his arrival. Father Burns, whom he is relieving, is all set to push off for the Coast tomorrow on the first leg of his long journey home.

The three months have been filled with glowing experiences for the young padre, a kaleidoscope of excitement, novelty and above all brilliant color—color of sky and vegetation, color in the native dress, color in the speech and lives of the people.

He has been thrilled with their sense of the supernatural, pagans and Christian converts alike, with the simple, natural way in which the mission school-boys express their religion—no complex about the fear of being thought "pious"—above all, by what he has learned already in this short time of the marvelous ways in which God has prepared

these native African hut-dwellers (as He has prepared people everywhere) through their religion, their real though unarticulated philosophy, their social customs, for the Gospel of Christ.

"Yes," says Father Burns, as they sit in deck chairs outside the mission house in the moonlight, "the whole method of missions has changed in the last fifty years.

"Before that, there were wonderful pioneers who blazed the way, consumed with zeal for souls. Many of them were martyrs.

"But in one sense they must have been a bit narrow. They took for granted that everything they found here was wrong and and that they must substitute a completely new religion for the old; and not only religion but Western culture, complete with umbrellas and trousers.

"What's more, by the same token," he adds, "they made the mistake of *giving* the umbrellas and trousers."

"Then you get the other side of it," rejoins the young padre. "In what you have told me about the hospital palaver—the doctor we happen to have now—a good person saving lives by the thousand, sympathetic and as well versed as a white man could be in the native outlook but stone cold to the biggest thing that we have to bring to the African, the Christian Religion."

"Right," says Burns, "but you know he's

not the only one lacking in something. There was a drive, an earnest prayerfulness, that craving to convert souls to Christ that spoke about, which we ourselves don't have these days in anything like the same degree.

They are silent a moment and then Burns resumes.

"Have you ever stopped to think what difference it made that those early missionaries verily believed that every man, woman and child they baptized was literally plucked from the fire?

"We can't believe, nowadays, in a blazing hell under the earth's surface and devils with pitch forks and all the rest, but belief in that gave those missionary pioneers a bang-up motive.

"Do you know," he continues, "I often wonder if we're completely on the right track when we blandly ignore, in our superior, modern fashion, a whole great strain in our Lord's teaching. He said it was possible for a man to be damned; and he didn't draw the line at pagans."

"Here's something I would like to ask," says the young padre. "What is the most potent enemy we have to fight in winning these people to Christ? Is it polygamy, would you say, or is it superstition—the hostility of the medicine men and witch doctors? Excuse me for changing the subject."

"You aren't," replies Burns. "It's exactly the same subject. The early missionaries believed firmly in the powers of hell and they fought them; and the powers of hell fought back. It might be the best thing that could happen if the witch doctors organized their people to destroy us, if you and I got killed and a dozen converts; and the rest were terribly persecuted. Then Christianity might get somewhere.

"I'll tell you just what our worst enemy is these days not only here but in missions all over the world and by the same token in America. It is not hostility but indifference. If you want one word, it's materialism. The first impact of so-called civilization has been to dim that sense of the supernatural you've been raving about. The people have that sense naturally, all right. It should give us a marvelous opportunity



FR. BESSOM AND MUSLIM CHILDREN

they are all going crazy over the white man's contraptions. They want money to buy flash-lights, enamel buckets, white man's clothes; just as the white man in America wants money to buy a new car.

"As for superstition, as you call it, these people aren't any more superstitious than we are! They're a bit cruder, that's all."

"What do you mean?" asks the other. "Do you mean we don't like to walk under a ladder or break a mirror or light three cigarettes with one match? Or do you mean that, three hundred years ago, we burned witches in Salem after sixteen centuries of Christianity?"

"I don't mean any of those things," says Burns. "For all I know there is something to be said for them. Here's the point: you and I know people at home who actually believe that all this rich, wonderful complex universe, the glories of art, the intricacies of the human body—that the whole grand, glorious works stem ultimately from the random collision of certain inanimate forces. As to where those forces themselves come from they don't pretend to know. Well, all I can say is that a man who can believe that can believe anything. Compared with that, taking a rabbit out of a hat is a joke."

"That's a thought," exclaims the padre. "You mean that materialism or thorough-going naturalism is essentially like these people's animism and just as superstitious?"

"You bet," rejoins Burns. "Only more so. Chief Tamba thinks there are strong powers in a kola-nut drenched with chicken-blood—powers to save him from the enemies, human and diabolic, of which he lives in such deadly terror—but he doesn't go so far as to say that those powers are strong enough to create the sun, the moon and the stars."

* * * *

For our last group of data about missions before we go on to general propositions, I refer you to the following quotations from the padre's letter to Father Burns written six months after the latter returned to America.

"I'm glad you will start back soon, Father. It will be grand to see you. Bring someone with you if you can. Bring ten men. We could use a score.



MUSLIMS WITH ROSARIES

"I counted up the other day six different chiefs, representing, I suppose, about thirty villages, who have begged us to send men to teach their people the God-palaver.

"Granted they haven't the foggiest notion what it's all about and look on it chiefly as the key to the white man's riches, it's a crime that we cannot accept the opening.

"Well, you would have laughed if you had seen me the other day. I wanted to anoint poor old Fodi who is now almost blind. I ransacked our miniature library trying to find the proper way to do it and finally made one up. It was almost as bad as that time when I was called on suddenly to say the prayers for the dying on my trek up from the Coast, or for that matter as my struggle to learn how to celebrate. Why our seminaries didn't teach us the practical details of a priest's job and especially to administer the Sacraments has always been one of the mysteries.

"There's a worse one than that though. They never taught us to pray.

"I can never thank you enough for establishing a solid regime of offices, meditations, etc., and seeing those first three months that I kept it. You know (and how!) what this place is like. It's like running a three-ring circus. If it wasn't for our Rule, my prayer life, such as it is, would have gone to the four winds. Incidentally, I would have had nothing to carry me through the times,

now and again, when I feel lonely and discouraged and more than a bit desperate.

"How to administer the Sacraments, how to make a meditation, the various stages of the Prayer life, the essential features of a Rule, plain, ordinary punctuality in going to bed and rising, self-discipline—wait till I get to be Dean of a Seminary!

"Chief Tamba is having his usual legal battles with Karmo in the District Commissioner's Court. Karmo, of course thinks he ought to be Chief. I never saw such an ambitious bunch of humans.

"And woman-palaver! It seems as though Kortu were suing somebody every other day for following one of his wives.

"You know, I've thought a lot about the talk we had that last night before you left. Do you remember you were saying how superstitious a lot of high-brow people are at home, who think that the universe is an accident; that it just came out of a lot of blind forces acting at random?

"I'm sure you're right. It is superstition on the grand scale. They attribute to matter in the aggregate the same sort of magical properties that Tamba attributes to his charms—only infinitely more so.

"But here's the point I've been thinking of—aren't we ourselves tarred with the same brush? When I'm in a jam, don't I run to my older brother for help, or the Bishop or the doctor or the lawyer? Don't I get desperate if I'm out of copper? At the end, perhaps, when I've tried everything else in vain, I get down on my ham-bones and ask God to help, if He can!

"It's all wrong. Not that one should not apply to his brethren for aid, as God's agents. But we ought to begin with God; not turn to Him as a last resort.

"It strikes me that all of us are in the same boat. Tamba and the high-brow materialists and the Church. We believe in our heart of hearts that power resides ultimately in men and things—our fellow creatures. We're all animists."

Thus far in this little essay, I have gathered up, almost at random, casual references to this and that problem connected with missions. Now let me tabulate them:

1. The immediate result of the impact of our so-called civilization on primitive people has been to dim their otherwise vivid sense of the supernatural—to propagate materialism.

2. Representatives of the white race have impeded missionary work by exploiting natives, drawing color lines, neglecting their own responsibilities to the Church. They were not taught at home the unique and absolute position of Christianity which constitutes it the crown and culmination of all other religions.

3. Missionaries have failed in tact, zeal and persuasiveness toward their fellow whites.

4. In former days missionaries often were blind to the ways in which God has prepared people of other religions for the Coming Christ. Also, their methods tended to pervert and spoil their converts (though this has been compensated for, to some extent, by the growth of a desire for development and freedom).

5. The early missionaries had, however, a spirit of burning zeal, of prayer and self-denial, far beyond those of the average missionary of today. In their somewhat crude ideas about Hell they had, at all events, an overpowering, supernatural motive to drive them on. No merely natural motive (for example, to cure disease, teach school, improve agriculture) can compare with it. It behooves us all to recapture the strong realistic standpoint of Christ's teaching regarding the possibility of eternal loss because of freedom, democracy, moral responsibility: all, in the last analysis, tied up with precise teaching. But we must recapture this also, for the sake of missions. It goes hand in hand with that other, more positive, supernatural motive, the ardent and resolute purpose of expanding Christ's Kingdom.

6. In many instances, the priest of today has not been taught the tools of his trade at the seminary. Still more disastrous (in the case of white missionaries and native clerics alike) is the lack of rigorous training in self-discipline and the prayer life. Think of the gruelling training which was given our boys in the army to prepare them for combat with the Germans and Japs!



SAINT MARY'S CHURCH—BOLAHUN

7. In England and still more in America, there is apathy about so-called "foreign missions" resulting in a dearth of men and money. The Church's work at home actually is considered of greater importance by clergy and laity alike.

* * * *

This is not intended as an exhaustive list of the problems connected with foreign missions. On the contrary, I have purposely omitted (or casually passed over) some of the most important; such, for example, as those connected with the Church's marriage law as applied to converts or, again, with preaches in the unity of Christendom. Emphatically these are taken into account in the main thesis which I want to develop in closing. But they are too complex for the space at our disposal. No, the list simply presents a group of typical problems.

They are typical in no way more emphatically than that they all "come home to roost." The most fundamental mission problems are not due to peculiar difficulties in the field. Quite the contrary. Generally speaking, there is far more receptivity, simplicity, interest in and sense of the spiritual there than at home. For this reason and because so many million souls in the mission field never

yet have heard the Name of Christ, the opportunity is incomparably greater. Any priest with a genuine "passion for souls" will do well to become a missionary. The fact of the matter is that the real underlying difficulties trace back to America.

There is some reason to suppose that the last war will have helped with a few of them.

There is respect today, for example, such as the white race rarely has had before for the power of ideologies. The Nazis (and the Communists after them) have taught us never to ask again, "What difference does it make what a man believes?" We have today an unparalleled opportunity for driving home the importance of right, Christian belief.

I fancy too that American soldiers and sailors, business men and administrators will have a far different evaluation of, for instance, the Filipinos and the Koreans than before. They will realize on the one hand, how much Christian missions have done for the people of the Orient and how much, on the other hand, the outlook and spirituality of the Christian Church could grow through the incorporation into it of Eastern races. One of the reasons why the Church at home is stagnating is because we have more or less reached the saturation point so far as our own people are concerned. (Speaking broadly

they all have their chance if they want to take it; whereas the people of many other lands have not had their chance). But another reason for the sluggishness of our Christian life at home is that we need new Blood in the Church, new temperaments, new ways of looking at things. As a profound Christian thinker once put it, "We shall never know what Christian prayer is until India is converted."

Still another constructive result of the war (though one which is closely related to the preceding) is that the entire world is moving away from isolationism toward the deeper sense of the solidarity and interdependence of humanity as a whole.

This brings me, then, to my thesis; which is, namely, that the Christian community at home has hindered the expansion of the Kingdom of God by religious isolationism and that for the sake of missions (as well as for other reasons) we should direct much of our preaching and teaching from now on toward the development of a strong, vivid sense of the oneness of all mankind.

There should be, strictly speaking, no such phrase in our language as the term "foreign missions." It is a mark of parochialism. The Church is one—in New York and Alaska; London and Burma; San Francisco and Manila. It is a single, gigantic organism with a mission to humanity as a whole. It is as absurd and misleading to speak of foreign missions as to describe the branches and leaves of a tree as foreign to the trunk.

The great, underlying reason for carrying the Gospel to India, Japan and Africa is not because the people there are weaker, blinder

and poorer than we are, but because they are the same; with the same longing for sunshine, love and laughter; the same temptations to cowardice, lust and pride; the same need of a crucified Saviour. But we can bring the problems of missions even closer home than America. We can trace them back to our seminaries.

It is there, in their chapels and their neighboring halls, that young men must be trained in self-discipline and in their priestly office. It is there that they must learn to wrestle with God in prayer. It is there that they must be led to wholeness of thinking and a vision of the oneness of mankind and of the Church.

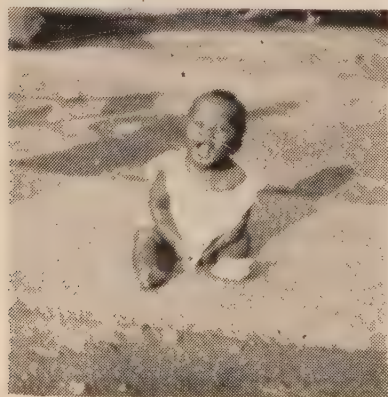
Not only through sporadic addresses by visiting missionaries, but through well-planned systematic instruction, they should be familiarized with the Church's circumstances in various parts of the world so that when they leave the seminary it will be at least as natural for them (if not, indeed, for reasons already stated, far more natural) to elect to serve Christ in Borneo as in Boston.

One of our American Bishops told me the other day that he would like to see a canon passed requiring every clergyman to spend the first six years of his ministry in the mission field. (He said that at least it would have the merit of keeping some of the wrong men out of the ministry!) Such a requirement ought not to be impracticable. The Mormons, of all people, have been doing it for years.

In any case, we ought not to think it unusual or abnormal for our men, and especially the best men, to go to the front in the Church's battle. The burden of proof, here, as in America's struggle with Communism, should lie with any individual who proposes to do otherwise.

Indeed, we could scarcely do better than take as our model America's set-up in the last war. Her fighting men, her best men, were rigorously prepared and then sent overseas. The homeland was simply the training ground and the arsenal. Its prime job was to provide men and equipment to be sent abroad.

With the Church it should be so always.



Thomas Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man

BY EDWARD ROCHE HARDY

I began quite accidentally while looking up the works of another Wilson in a library catalogue my eye fell on the cards devoted to the productions of Bishop Thomas. First being struck by the quaintness of a form of prayer for the herring fishery among the sermons, I came on a life by Keble, and was convinced that this was one of the fathers of the English church who were venerated by the non-conformist tractarians. On looking into his life and works I understood why. Wilson was a true child of God,—a saint among eighteenth century prelates. At the time of his death Samuel Seabury was a young missionary at New Brunswick.

Born in Cheshire in 1663, Wilson was sent to Dublin University, intending to study medicine. Under the influence of Michael Swetson, a canon of St. Patrick's he turned to the Church instead, and was ordained a priest at Kildare on St. Peter's Day, 1686. Swetson wrote for him at this time a suggested rule of life, which is an interesting specimen of the Anglo-Catholic devotion of the time. He was to observe faithfully the laws of the Church and its festivals and fasts. On Sundays he was to read the collect, the Epistle, and gospel of the day, and a chapter of the *Whole Duty of Man* before going to church. On all days he was to be faithful in his offices, and in addition observe two hours of private prayer and read a chapter from the New Testament. If called to the care of souls, he should promote frequent communion and make his sermons practical rather than controversial. In commemoration of the occasion, the two friends gave a tablet to Kildare Cathedral, inscribed *Deo altari ecclesiae cathedralis stae. Brigidae arensis*, with IHS in the center.

On his return to England, Wilson was advanced to the priesthood and became curate to his uncle, the devotional writer Richard Hooker, at Winwick. In 1692 the Earl

of Derby made him his chaplain, and tutor to his son. Wilson's serious piety genuinely impressed the nobleman. On one occasion he dropped sealing-wax on the Earl's hands to keep him from signing an important document unread. On another he addressed him a letter on the serious ethical aspects of his financial carelessness. It was a tribute to merit when he nominated Wilson to the See of Man in 1697. After real reluctance, Wilson accepted when urged by the Archbishop of York. Early in 1698 he was consecrated and proceeded to his diocese.

Man in the early eighteenth century was not the pleasant summer resort it is now. Its 20,000 or so inhabitants spoke their own language. Remote from England for all practical purposes, they lived by agriculture, fishing, and smuggling. The Earls of Derby were feudal lords of the isle, nominating the bishop and appointing the governor. Wilson became the pastor of a backward mediaeval diocese. He still indeed, had some of the civil functions of a mediaeval bishop. He exercised criminal jurisdiction on the church lands. He sat in the island court,—the judge's question to the jury in capital cases being "May the man of the chancel continue to sit?" since the priest could not pass sentence of death.

Wilson's first care was for discipline. The sins of the Manx were in large measure the violent or passionate acts of a primitive people. Wilson maintained the public penance of earlier days which here still survived. Excommunication was seriously decreed when appropriate, and no commutation in cash for penance in church allowed. In 1720 the governor's wife fell under the ban for false accusation. Wilson and his vicar-general were fined by the council. Refusing to pay they were committed to prison. Crowds gathered to hear the bishop preach and to receive his blessing through the win-

dows of the jail, so that he afterwards said that his diocese was never so devout as when he administered it from his cell. A court in London at last remitted the fine, although not without great expense.

The affection of his flock showed that Wilson's sternness was based on love and complete sincerity. Each Sunday he visited informally one of his seventeen parishes. In 1703 the convocation of Man added to its rules provisions for preparation before confirmation, then something almost unheard of, for the administration of penance, and for general education. Under the bishop's leadership new churches were built for the growing population. Parish schools, libraries, and a fund for the widows and orphans of the clergy were established. It was on the pastoral work of his priests that Wilson placed his chief reliance, however, and not merely rules or institutions. His *instructions to the Clergy* deal mainly with preparation for the sacraments, and with the advice proper for various groups of people,—parents, young people, men of estates, the poor, formal Christians, those under excommunication, habitual sinners. Repentance is perhaps the central note in his teaching. In the section on confession he writes:

this will be the true way to magnify the power of the keys, which is so little understood or so much despised; namely, to bring as many as we possibly can to repentance, that we may have more frequent occasion of sealing penitents' pardon by our ministry.

Trained under his direction, the clergy of Man were the objects of his constant care and encouragement.

Bishop Wilson's guidance for the laity was, as his early rule had promised, practical. Most of his sermons deal with his favorite topics,—the call to repentance, Christian duty, the means of grace. "True repentance absolutely necessary to salvation" and "The Lord's Supper the medicine of the soul" are typical headings. Preaching before Queen Anne on Ascension Day, 1711, he spoke of the call to set our affections on things above with the same scriptural earn-

estness with which he addressed his Manx fishermen. The greater part of Bishop Wilson's works are either catechetical or devotional. An enlargement of the church catechism was for his parishes. A treatise on the practice of Christianity was the first book, besides the Prayer Book, published in Manx. Another was prepared in 1741 for the Indians of Georgia. A communicant's manual provides careful self-examination, meditations, devotions. The secret prayer suggested after the short English canon is of liturgical as well as devotional interest:

Most merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, look graciously upon the gifts now lying before Thee; and send down Thy Holy Spirit on this sacrifice, that He may make this Bread and this Wine the Body and Blood of Thy Christ, that all who partake of them may be confirmed in godliness, may receive remission of their sins, may be filled with the Holy Ghost, may be worthy of Thy Christ, and obtain everlasting life.

From time to time Wilson was called on to provide suggestions or directions for individuals ("Instructions to an Academy Youth," for instance), in which he applied the spirit of his own rule and devotion.

It is easy to make up a list of the things Bishop Wilson did not do and the books he did not read. In an age of great public events he thought of politics merely as something by which we must not be distracted from the service of God. As the shepherd of the Manx, he concerned himself to secure grants from the Lord of Man of tithes for the Church and secure possession of disputed lands for the farmers. In time of famine and epidemic on the island, it was he who secured supplies and help from England. But beyond this he did not go. Feeling that the Church should be separate from the state, he refused ever to take his seat in the House of Lords. In an age of scientific and philosophical discussion, he read the fathers, the theologians, and such contemporaries as William Law. His intellect was devoted to the classical languages, that he might read Ambrose and Bernard, and to farming, the

lands might produce more for the poor of the diocese. The Church needed such statesmen and philosopher bishops as Berkeley and Butler. But surely it also needed such as Wilson who concentrated on one thing,—loving God and doing one's duty.

Even in his lifetime, Wilson received the veneration he did not seek. In Man he was loved by all, the few Roman Catholics, dissenters, and Quakers included. When he visited England crowds came to hear him and ask his blessing. Cardinal Fleury, prime minister of France, is said to have written to Wilson that they ought to meet, as the oldest bishops in Europe, and out of his respect for Wilson to have spared Man the attacks of French privateers. Several incidents are told of that strange phenomenon, a saint at the Hanoverian court. Perhaps the most famous is the story of Wilson's reply to Queen Caroline's comment that here was at least one bishop who was not looking for a richer diocese: "No indeed, an't please your majesty, I will not leave my wife in my old age because she is poor."

It was realized by all that Wilson's earnest teaching and public example flowed from a sincere and disciplined personal life. After his death this was abundantly confirmed by the publication of his devotional notebook, *Sacra Privata*. Dividing the bishop's consecration vows among the days of the week, he added from time to time resolutions, notes, and prayers relevant to each one. The section on almsgiving, for instance, begins with his vow of 1693 to devote two tenths of his income to the poor. On becoming settled in his diocese he increased this amount to four tenths. During the lawsuit of 1722-4, as an exercise in faith, he increased it to a half. Quotations from the Bible (including, by way of warning, the words of the Pharisee in the parable), and the fathers' ejaculations and reflections follow. Arrangements of the *Sacra Privata* for general use were published not only in England, but also in the United States. They helped to keep devotion alive during the years of decay, and encouraged the early leaders of the Catholic revival.

One of Bishop Wilson's sermons is on the text of one of Newman's most famous dis-



FLIGHT INTO EGYPT
By Isenbrant

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

courses,—“Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.” Zeal for holiness is the outstanding note of his devotion, and naturally endeared him to the tractarians with their stress on the note of holiness in the Church. They found in him the spirit of the saintly

bishops of the early Church once more present, almost in their own days. "God commands unlimited Holiness (with all thy Heart, *with all* thy mind, etc.)" Wilson writes in one of his note books. It is perhaps unfortunate that the Methodist revival did not reach Man, except in a confused rumor, until after his death. Had Wesley's movement to "spread scriptural holiness through the land" come in touch with a Catholic bishop who was not worldly it might never have grown out of the Church. To sanctity Wilson added a tender human affection,—such a gentle attachment to friends as characterized his biographer, John Keble. His candidates, his clergy, his flock, his friends in England are present in his prayers as individuals. Even the public intercessions of the bidding prayer for the Church and people of England and the Isle of Man prefixed to his sermons have a personal ring. His form for blessing the fishing-boats is the prayer of a pastor who knew how God cares

for all the concerns of his flock. In the *Sacra Privata* he lists his departed dear ones (e.g., "my wife, my dear wife," "my pretty grandson. . . . aged one year") and friends and prays for them:

The memory of the just is blessed. . . . May the names of all these, O God, who died with the sign of faith, be found written together in the Lamb's book of life at the last day.

When he was well over eighty, Bishop Wilson was still riding around his diocese on horseback. He was still administering when he reached the patriarchal age of 92. Then, walking in his garden after Evensong, he caught a cold, from which complication followed. In a few days he died, with fragments of the Te Deum on his lips. Newman and others were later to eulogize him as he deserved. But the words of Dr. Johnson are really adequate: "To think on Bishop Wilson with veneration is only to agree with the whole Christian world."



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI

By Sandro Botticelli

(Courtesy of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.)
[Mellon Collection]

Letter To A Young Deacon

BY JAMES O. S. HUNTINGTON, O. H. C.

[The following is the substance of a letter that I wrote several months ago, in reply to a letter from a young deacon in his first year of souls. He wrote of having two small mission stations some thirty miles apart. He stated his difficulties quite frankly, and, they are the difficulties that many men in his position experience, it may be that the advice I gave him will be of help to others; it seems to have been of help to him. Here are a few sentences from his letter.

"Fr. Huntington I do so want to make the church grow here. How is it to be done? I don't know what to do. If I were a splendid preacher, a good organizer, a genial 'mixer', or a 'live wire', everything would 'boom'. In every way I am mediocre except in aspiration. During the week I am here in Saugus and have a daily morning service. On Sunday I have a morning service in Fenton and an evening service here. The attendance at the Sunday services has increased since I came (due mostly to the influx of tourists) but not a great deal. There are only three or four persons who, even diffidently, want to be confirmed. The Sunday Schools are not growing as they should, and they have no money to work with. I am unable to be present at Sunday School here, which also hinders things.

"There is, I am aware, no magic by which things can be made to prosper, and perhaps I expect too much, but if you can help me in any way I should be very glad and grateful.

"My trouble is largely the lack of experience which only work and time can give me. But how can I make a success of the work when I don't know what to do or how to do it? As it is, there is no apparent progress. Almost anyone could do better than I am doing but I am here and I want the work to prosper, and God being my helper I am going to make it. Please tell me where and how to begin. It is a great deal to ask, I know."]

My very dear Brother:

Your letter of last Monday, came this morning. It is a very real pleasure to hear from you again, and I am grateful to you for giving me a chance to try and help you.

I remember Fenton, with its little wooden chapel among the live oaks, quite distinctly, though it was some time in the last century that I was there. I spent a few weeks in the neighborhood, and held service in Fenton

From what little I know of mission work it seems to me that the commonest fault is a failure to have a definite ideal towards which to work and a failure to use the proper means to get any where. The first thing, then, is to get a clear-cut scheme of what to choose, and work for, as *Aims, Methods, Results*.

"Before all things the end is to be considered, and according to the end our course is to be directed." What is this "end"? It is to bring individual souls into conscious union with God, in and through Jesus Christ by the power of the Holy Spirit, and to build them up in Him. That "end" ought never to be left out of sight, in regard to every one you meet, and everything you undertake. You may have almost every sign of prosperity and success, you may be regarded as a "power for good in the community," but unless individual souls are coming to God in penitence and love, unless Christ is living in them, transforming their lives into His own, your work as a priest or a deacon is hollow and unreal.

That doesn't answer your question, I know. But don't be impatient. We must "put first things first." Your *aims* must be the very highest; not to call multitudes near to God, but to bring some souls, however few, to a share in His holiness, to make them *saints*, holy people, to build them up in Him.

To say this would be only to discourage you more than ever, if I did not remind you

at once that in making this your aim you are entering into partnership with God. For there is no question that this is what He wants. He wills to "have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth," "this is the will of God, even your sanctification," "for their sakes" so your Lord and Master says, "for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they may be sanctified through His truth," "be ye holy, for I am holy"; "be ye . . . perfect as you your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

How, then, are you to work along with God in His great enterprise of love?

First of all by *prayer*. That is the supreme *method*. But not only your own prayer, essential as that is, and full of unimagined possibilities. But the promise is to *united prayer*, "if two of you shall agree as touching any thing that they shall ask."

And here comes in the need of those qualities and *methods* that have been so highly developed in the business world of our own time. There, again, is where much mission work seems to fail. For you to stand up and say to your few people, more or less indifferent and untaught as to the

simplest spiritual exercises, that they ought to "pray for the advancement of Christ's kingdom" would probably be perfectly futile. What you should do is to *organize a band of pray-ers*. Probably the more quietly this is done the better, provided it is done *thoroughly*. There is a world of difference between "working for efficiency" and "working efficiently". What I am going to propose to you should be done with as much business accuracy and exactness as though you were in a great industrial concern, with a salary of ten thousand dollars a year.

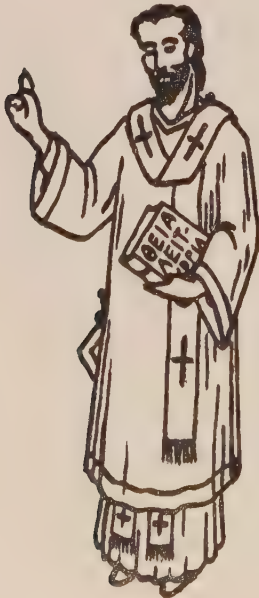
Perhaps it will be clearer if I outline what you should do. Of course I am not really "laying down the law" for you, but only putting the matter in a didactic form, to save time. (And to relieve your mind as to the expensiveness of this plan, I think that two dollars will cover the whole initial expense). Here, then is the scheme.

1. Get, through your local dealer, two hundred white cards, such as are used for card catalogues, about four inches by three, and two dozen of the colored clips which are put on the tops of certain cards for ready reference. (You will not need guide cards at present. You can probably make your own case to hold the cards.)

2. Use the cards for making a card catalogue of all the souls with whom you establish any personal relation. Use one card for each individual, but in case of a family put the children on the card of the father, or of the mother if the father is dead. Use some such abbreviation as the following:

Doe, John*=Mary (Roe) '85
B '87 Trinity Church, Lima, O.
X '98 St. John's Ch. Medford, O.
C *Not since* '09.
'09 John, B St. John's Ch., Medford, O.
'11 Sarah, B Saugus.
'16 William,

*His sister is Mrs. Chas. Smith.



SAINT JOHN
CHRYSOStOM

Perhaps it will be clearer if I outline what you should do. Of course I am not really "laying down the law" for you, but only putting the matter in a didactic form, to save time. (And to relieve your mind as to the expensiveness of this plan, I think that two dollars will cover the whole initial expense). Here, then is the scheme.

The first purpose of this card catalogue

for your own use, as a help in praying for each individual under your care.

On the back of the card you can note your own points you want to remember about the person. Do not let anyone know you have this card catalogue; it would be well to keep it under lock and key. When you are with a person and are getting facts as to age, sex, etc., either carry them in your mind, or write them down in a casual way, not as though you were a census taker or member of a draft board. The making out of this catalogue will give a definite reason for your calls on the people. They generally like to be asked about themselves. One question that often opens the way is: "Where was your early life spent?" By asking "How old were you when you left home?" you can very likely get a clue to a person's age.

3. Begin at once to organize a prayer group. Go to the most devout person in your cure and say: "Do you think you could spare five minutes a day to help me in my work?" Then have a definite promise made to you to take the time for intercession. If possible let it be at a fixed time of the day. Then try another person, and so on. It is not necessary that they should give one another's names, and they are to say nothing about the matter. Tell them that you will furnish them each week with a list of subjects for intercession. Be careful not to frame these so as to start gossip. Write these out and get them to the members of the prayer group at the same time each week. Try not to miss getting the lists for intercession out on time, even if you have to sit up late to do it, although for a good while you won't have enough to require that. One way of sending out these lists is to get two or three boys to come to you after school one afternoon a week, and have them on their way home. Of course a large map of Saugus and Fenton on your wall will help you to arrange routes.

This is all preliminary.

4. Now remember that it is of no sort of use to give people that in which they feel no want. You might as well try to fill a row of tightly corked bottles by pouring water on to them. On the other hand



a. Almost everyone wants something and may very likely want it badly.

b. Behind, beneath, all other wants is the longing in every human heart for God, although that longing is often quite hidden under a life of prayerlessness and sin.

c. Most people haven't wants *enough*. Moralists tell us not to be ambitious, but there is a true ambition which needs cultivation.

d. The first thing is to *discover* wants that are already felt, then to *develop* those of which people are only half-conscious, and, lastly, to *create* new wants. Then, *and not till then*, to try to meet and supply these wants, when it will be for the person's spiritual good.

5. Thus you must learn to encourage people to tell you what they really do want. Of course you cannot *invite* them to confide in you. At the start that would make the person shut up like a clam. But ask the person about his or her work. *Put intelligent questions*, and *really want to know and understand*. Pray for the man you are going to ask about the card catalogue, and listen carefully to all he tells you. Pray for the principal of the public school, as you go to call on him, and let him (or her) tell you of the problems and difficulties. (That may lead you to be invited to speak to the children. Be sure and accept. Tell

the children just how many minutes you are going to talk, and *don't go a minute over*. Don't talk about religion or try to "point a moral," but tell them a story. I am sending you one that I have found useful.)

6. In your first call on a family or an individual don't say anything about religion, unless a direct question is put to you, or you are asked to read the Bible and pray. Be ready to meet such a request, know just the verses you will read, and write out and learn a prayer for such an occasion; in this prayer ask for a blessing on the various members of the family, especially for any who are absent.

7. Don't make rash promises as to meeting the wants (quite material wants they will often be) that you find in people, but do your best to supply them. Thus if you find some "shut-in" person who would like something to read, write to the Church Periodical Society and see if you can get some magazine or books sent you for such an one. Don't promise to do so, but get something interesting and take it round.

8. Then see what are the *community* wants, what the people at large are, blindly perhaps, groping after. Spend one dollar in getting a copy of *The Church and Society* by R. Fulton Cutting. Find out the most practical of these communal wants, and inform yourself how it can best be met. It may be a public library, it may be a volunteer fire company; it may be a course of public lectures; it may be a village improvement society, or the removal of some nuisance. Don't set yourself up as an authority, but wait till others draw you out; be ready then to have something to contribute. It would be especially helpful if you could gather a few people of the same sort together, a group of middle-aged men, or of the younger fellows, and get some one thing done; that would open to their minds the possibility of accomplishing other things.

Let me give you an example of this sort of approach. I cannot verify the anecdote, but give it as my father told it years ago.

When Bishop Whipple was a young clergyman,—perhaps in *his* diaconate—

he was working in a small church in a factory village. The artisans were fairly intelligent men, many of them from England. None of them ever came to church. Mr. Whipple got hold of the latest information about the manufacture of the articles the men were making the most recent improvements in machines, and methods of manufacture. He worked hard at this for some weeks. Then, one noon, he strolled up to the men as they were sitting under the trees eating lunch, and began to ask them about the machines they used. His questions made them open their eyes. Presently they were asking *him* questions, and standing open mouthed at what he was able to tell them. When, at one o'clock, the whistle blew, he said: "Now, boys, you see I know something about *your* business; come to church next Sunday night and see what I know about my own."

9. "But," you say "this has nothing to do with religion. It doesn't mean getting people to be confirmed". No, not once or possibly for a long time. *But it opens the way...* Until people *want* the love of God, God Himself cannot give them the love. You must develop that want. You cannot do that until you establish *human* relations with people. To go to them *a clergyman* builds a barrier at once. Go to them as a "son of man," a fellow townsman, a neighbor, a friend. Make them feel that what you do for them you *would* do, even if you could *know* that they would never darken the doors of your church or ask you to come to them when they are dying. On the other hand, do nothing that does not *in your own mind* mean that you are trying so to give yourself to Jesus Christ that He may come to them in you, and you may bring them to Him.

If you don't get *results*, take some holiday for a Retreat and question yourself relentlessly as to what really are your *aims*, and how faithfully you have used the *methods*. Don't expect that the people at large will care to help *you* but convince them that you care for, and want to help, *them*.

Lovingly in our Blessed Lord
JAMES O. S. HUNTINGTON, O. H. C.

The Augustinian Catena

Chapter V

What it is to have become nothing.

I confess therefore, I confess to Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, how wretched I am, so that Thou mayest extend Thy mercy even unto me.

For indeed I am wretched, and reduced to nothing, and yet I knew it not, being apart from Thee, who art the truth.

For iniquities wounded me, yet I did not grieve, because I was separated from Thee, who art Life.

They reduced me to nothing, because I was not with Thee, who art the Word, by whom all things were made, and without whom was not anything made that has been made.

Without Thee I became nothing, for that which leads to nothing is nothing.

All things were made by the Word: all that was made, of whatever sort it might be. And God saw all things that He had made, and behold, they were very good.

All things that were made were made by the Word, and whatsoever the Word made was very good.

Why were they good? Because all were made by the Word, and without Him was not anything made that hath been made: so that without perfect goodness nothing is good.

But that is evil which is without any good, or at any rate, it is nothing.

For evil is only absence of good, as blindness is absence of light.

Nothing therefore is bad by reason of its being without the Word, for without Him was not anything made: but it may be bad by being deprived of that good Word, by whom all things were made.

Those things which do not exist were not made by Him, and therefore are nothing.

And thus all things which were not made are evil, because all things which were made were made by the Word: and all things which were made by the Word are good.

Hence, therefore, all things were made by the word, and evil things were not made by

Him, it remains that it is those things which were not made that are evil.

And for just that reason these things are evil which were not made. And therefore are they nothing, because nothing was made without the Word. And therefore is evil nothing, because evil was not made. Then in what does evil consist, if it be not made? In that evil is the deprivation of good whereby what is made is good.

Existence then without the Word is evil, because it is not existence.

But what is it, to be separated from the Word?

3. If thou seekest to know, listen to the Word. The Word of God saith: I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.

Therefore to be separated from the Word is to be without the way, without the truth, and without life, and thus, without Him to be nothing, and thus evil because separated from the Word.

For all things that are made by Him are very good.

But to be separated from the Word by whom all things are made, is nothing less than to be annihilated and to pass from existence, because without Him nothing exists.

As often, then, as thou swervest aside from good, thou separatest thyself from the Word, because He is Himself good.

And so thou canst be nothing, because thou art apart from the Word, without whom nothing is made.

Now therefore, O Lord my Light, thou hast illumined me that I should see Thee.

And I have also seen and known myself.

And as often as I have been separated from Thee, and have forgotten that Thou alone art good, I have been annihilated and even made evil.

Woe is me, how miserable I am, in that I did not know that if I deserted Thee I should become nothing.

But what am I asking? If I was nothing, how did I refuse to know? For we know that evil is nought, and that which is not

good does not exist because it is nought. If then, I was nought, because I was apart from Thee, I was even nothing, like an idol, which is nought. For it has ears and hears not, it has a nose, and yet it smells not, it has eyes and sees not, it has a mouth, and speaks not: it has hands and handles not, feet, but it walks not, indeed it has all the lineaments of members without sense in them.

CHAPTER VI

Of the state of the soul in sin.

1. When therefore, I was without Thee, I was not, for I was nothing, and in a like manner was I, too, blind, deaf, and senseless, neither discerning good, nor fleeing from evil, neither feeling the wounds of sorrow, nor perceiving my own darkness, for I was without Thee, the true Light, lighting every man coming into the world. Woe is me! They wounded me, but I did not grieve, they led me astray, but I did not feel it, for I was nothing, being without the Word who is Life, by whom all things were made.
- O Lord my Light, mine enemies have done unto me whatsoever they listed: they have beaten me, stripped me, abased me, corrupted me, they have wounded me and killed me, because I had forsaken Thee, and without Thee I am nothing.
2. Alas! O Lord my Life, who hast made me, My Light, who hast directed me, the defender of my life, have mercy upon me and raise me up again, O Lord my God, my Hope, my Strength, my Fortitude, my Consolation.



In the day of my tribulation, look upon mine enemy and deliver me. Let them that hate me flee before me, and let me live in Thee and through Thee.

O Lord, they considered me: and seeing me apart from Thee, they despised me.

They divided among them my vesture of thy virtues with which Thou hadst adorned me; they made for themselves a way through me; they trod me down under their feet.

Thy holy temple have they defiled and made me an abomination of desolation.

I went after them, blind and naked, and they have ensnared me in the chains of sin.

They dragged me after them in a circle from vice within to vice without, and from vileness to vileness, without strength to withstand I was driven before the face of them who pursued me.

I was a slave and loved my servitude.

I was blind, and wanted to be blind. I was bound and did not abhor my chains, for I believed bitter to be sweet, and sweet to be bitter.

3. I was wretched, and did not know myself to be apart from the Word, without whom nothing was made, by whom all things are preserved, without whom all things come to nought.

For as all things were made by Him and without Him was not anything made, all things are preserved by Him, whether things in heaven, or things in earth, or things in the sea and in all deep places.

For part would not cleave to part in stone or in any other creature, except it were held together by the Word, by whom all things were made.

So therefore, I cleave to Thee, O Word, for Thou holdest me; because when I had forsaken Thee I should have perished myself, except Thou who madest me had remade me.

I have sinned, but Thou hast visited me; I have fallen, but Thou hast made me stand upright: I have been ignorant, but Thou hast taught me, I have not seen, but Thou hast enlightened me.

CHAPTER VII

Of the manifold good gifts of God

O my God, I pray Thee, teach me, miserable man though I am, how greatly I am bound to love Thee; show me how greatly I ought to praise Thee, make known to me how I ought to please Thee.

Speak, O Lord, with a loud strong voice in the interior ear of my heart, teach me, and save me, so that I may praise Thee, who createdst me when I was nothing, who hast illumined me when I was in darkness, who hast revived me when I was dead; who, from my youth up, hast bestowed upon me all Thy good things, and dost nourish me, vile and sinful man as I am, with all Thy best gifts.

Open to me, O Key of David, who openest and no man shutteth, who shuttest and no man openeth.

Open to me, the door of Thy light, that I may enter in, and see, and know, and give thanks unto Thee with my whole heart, because great is Thy mercy towards me, and Thou hast delivered my soul from the nethermost hell.

O Lord our God, how wonderful and excellent is Thy Name in all the world! What is man, that Thou art mindful of him; or the son of man that Thou visitest him?

O Lord, the hope of the Saints, and the Tower of their strength; O God, Life of my soul, by whom I live, without whom I die; Light of my eyes, through whom I see, without whom I am blind: Joy of my heart and Gladness of my spirit, I will love Thee with all my heart, with all my mind, and with the utmost strength of my powers, because Thou first hast loved me.

And whence is this to me, O Creator of heaven and earth and the abyss, who needest none of my goods, whence is this to me that Thou hast loved me?

O Wisdom, who openest the mouth of the dumb! O Word, by whom all things are made, open my mouth, give me the voice of praise, that I may declare all Thy benefits, which Thou, O Lord, from the beginning, hast bestowed upon me.

For behold, I am, because Thou createdst me: and because Thou hast created me, and hast, from eternity, counted me in the number of Thy creatures, Thou hast fore-ordained, before Thou madest anything in the beginning, before Thou didst stretch out the heavens, or before the abyss was: before Thou madest the earth or foundedst the mountains, or before the fountains burst forth, before Thou madest all these, which by Thy Word Thou hast made, by the unerring foreknowledge of Thy truth Thou didst foresee that I, even I, should be Thy creature, and Thou hast willed that I should be Thine.

4. And whence is this to me, O Lord most kind, and bounteous, O God most high, Father of mercies, Almighty and ever merciful Creator; what merit or what grace didst Thou find in me that it has pleased Thy most high majesty to create me?

I was not, and Thou createdst me: I was nothing, and out of nothing Thou hast made me something. But what sort of a thing? Not a drop of water, not fire, not a bird, nor a fish, not a serpent, nor anything in the nature of a brute beast; not stone, nor wood, nor one of the kind of those things that have mere being only, nor even of those that have being and can grow; nor of the kind that has being, and can both grow and feel; but Thou hast made me more than all these. Thou hast willed me to be of those who have being, for I am; and of those who have being and grow and feel, for I am, I grow, I feel: and more than all Thou hast made me but very little lower than the Angels, for I have received from Thee, in common with them, reason, by means of which I may attain to the knowledge of Thee.

As I said, Thou hast made me but very little lower than they: for whereas they now have blessed knowledge of Thee through the beatific vision, I have that knowledge only through hope. They see Thee face to face, but I only in a mirror, darkly; They know Thee fully, I only in part.

Book Reviews

CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA—prepared by a special committee for American Church Publications.

The subtitle to this 47 page booklet with bibliography reads: "An Historical Summary Having Particular Reference to the Anglican Communion and to the Church of South India." And that is precisely what the book is: a condensed, straightforward statement of facts about the development of Christianity from its beginnings in India by the Church and other Christian bodies down to the present time. Special reference is made to the work of the Anglican Communion for very good reasons.

1. The national Executive Board of the Woman's Auxiliary has proposed India as a study project for 1954-'55 for the women of our Church, emphasizing three major events—Indian independence, the formation of Pakistan, and the establishment of the Church of South India. The two booklets recommended as study manuals by the Board deal only slightly with the work of the Anglican Communion in India. The booklet seeks to correct that deficiency.

2. The South India Scheme has been called the most significant recent experiment in Christian reunion, bringing together some 895,168 Christians of the Church of England, and of the Congregational, Presbyterian and Methodist denominations. Its development involves grave considerations, not to say dangers, which must be of deep concern to every member of the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church to which we as Episcopalians and members of the Anglican Communion belong.

3. It is rumored that at the coming General Convention in Honolulu the question may be raised as to what official action the Episcopal Church should take about the South India Scheme.

Priests and laity alike ought to be wide awake to the seriousness of the issues underlying and involved in this movement, and we ought to inform ourselves of the facts. As one matter of plain fact, the very in-

tegrity of the Apostolic Faith, as God in Christ revealed it, is being called into question in the South India experiment.

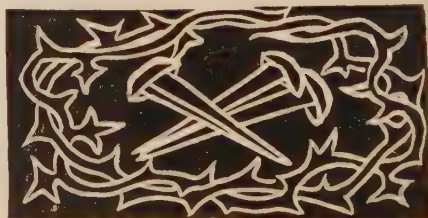
To help us become informed, a special committee composed of a devoted, straight thinking Churchwoman and two prominent clergy (one a nationally known figure, the other a brilliant member of one of our seminary faculties) has drawn up this booklet. It is concise, factual, brief. It includes a clear, frank, objective statement of the vital issues involved in the South India Scheme as well as the history of that experiment.

Because it is so easy for us in our honest enthusiasm for the reunion of Christendom to be misty-eyed and emotional and, as a result, fuzzy in our thinking, this booklet should be of inestimable value. We all pray earnestly that Christ's Body, the Church, may be made visibly one again—but it must be in *His* good time and way and never at the expense of the truths He has revealed about the nature of His Church. Since some of those truths, matters of historical fact, are being called into question in this South India experiment, it is the responsibility of each of us to face the problem prayerfully and intelligently, inform himself about it, and be ready to take the right action when the time comes.

We highly recommend "Christianity in India" to both clergy and laity, and hope it will be widely used throughout the Church this winter. This is one of the big gifts that often come in small packages, and will pay big dividends on your dollar invested.

(Order from American Church Publications, Room 1303, 347 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.)

—L.



TH AND BEHAVIOR, by *Chad Walsh*
and *Eric Montizambert*. (New York:
Doubleday-Gorham Co., 1954) pp. 188.
Cloth. \$2.75.

The subtitle of this book, "Christian Answers to Moral Problems," is a clue to its purpose: to serve as a guide in helping people with their moral problems. This is a tremendous undertaking, recognized fully by the authors themselves.

Moral practice is not the end of Christianity, though it is an all important by-product of the life dedicated to God under Jesus Christ. A century ago there started the movement that although Christian dogma was unshakable, nevertheless Christian ethics were flexible, so that they should be followed even if the subscription to their theological foundations might be abandoned. It has been a great step in our century to jettison Christian morals as being impossible, impractical, "blue-nosed." Such is not a theoretical assumption, but an established fact. The Church has been seen in the moral chaos which characterizes our society and threatens to become worse as time goes on.

In this situation the Christian is met with many pitfalls. In the first case, since he is a member of society and must make his way in an amoral society, to what extent can he uphold his ethical standards to insure himself a living with the promise of comfort and advantages for his wife and children? Sometimes this situation is put to a priest by a layman in most poignant terms. It involves a great deal of clear thinking, conditioned by Christian convictions to help in situations like this. Secondly, there are Christians, too well informed at that, who have unconsciously adopted the mores of the world and have submitted to a code of conduct which sets as its standard: do not be any worse than your neighbor. Having submitted to this standard, they feel themselves free to criticise Christian ethics while wanting to claim Christian profession.

All this raises deep problems of moral philosophy which, being a science in itself, does not permit of easy solutions or pat answers in the form of convenient prescriptions. The authors, well aware of this,



MADONNA AND CHILD

By Ugo di Siena

(Courtesy of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.)
(Kress Collection)

pointedly guard in the preface against this book being used for "home medication" in all cases. Grave problems of conscience should be taken to a *trained* and *competent* moral counsellor; they can seldom be solved by the average layman.

In this book the place of Christian ethics is set against the proper background of Christian theology in the first chapter; the second and third get down to the question of how to apply the principles to the human situation. The main body of the work is taken up with specific questions of morals, and the answers given to particular cases, or broad principles of conduct laid down where the issue is a theoretical positing of a course of conduct. In conclusion the positive side of Christian moral conduct is set against the four cardinal virtues and the three theological virtues. Two more chapters sum up the general purpose of the book.

Within the compass they have set them-

selves, the authors have achieved a brilliant piece of work. Churchman would be wise to invest in this book for purposes of guiding their thoughts and informing their consciences. The only defect is one which the authors themselves see all too clearly: a book so short cannot be expected to give adequate treatment to all moral problems, either in kind or degree. An example of this limitation may serve as an illustration.

On page 20 we are given an example of a venial sin (a misbehavior which in itself is not grave, though it might grow into a habit leading to serious evil.) The example is the theft of a loaf of bread. Now this is an easy judgment which on the surface and on general application is true. However circumstances may alter the picture for better or worse. In a case where a starving man were to steal a loaf of bread there would be no sin involved whatsoever. Now let us go to the other extreme. Suppose a man who has *no* need of the loaf with full knowledge of the circumstances and with deliberation, steals a loaf of bread from someone who is practically at the point of starvation. This act is a moral sin. In other words the circumstances change the guilt which is involved in the act. These cases are not introduced in order to criticise Canon Montizambert, but to stress his caveat against home medication in morals.

—J. G.



WINTER AT HOLY CROSS

THE HOPE OF OUR CALLING, by H. G. O. Herklots (Greenwich; Seabury Press, 1954) pp. 82. Cloth. \$1.75.

This little book is a further indication of the renewed interest in the Bible and in particular in the Old Testament. To me it is a vindication of what many of us feel who have worked in foreign missions, and what is coming to be felt by those who do missionary work in our civilized countries. Namely, that Christ cannot be understood without a knowledge of the Old Testament. To quote from the words of Professor G. M. Wright of Chicago, which appear on the dust jacket of this book, "It is by the spectacle of the Old Testament that our eyes might be focussed upon the light of Christ, otherwise that light will be blurred and we shall not see it correctly."

With only five chapters this book would lend itself admirably to a weekly Bible class for the five weeks of Lent. I feel certain that the mysteries of Holy Week and Easter would have more meaning to anyone who, individually or in a group, used this as a basis for Lenten Bible reading and study—As it is being published in October there will be sufficient time in which to order it before the beginning of Lent.

—L.

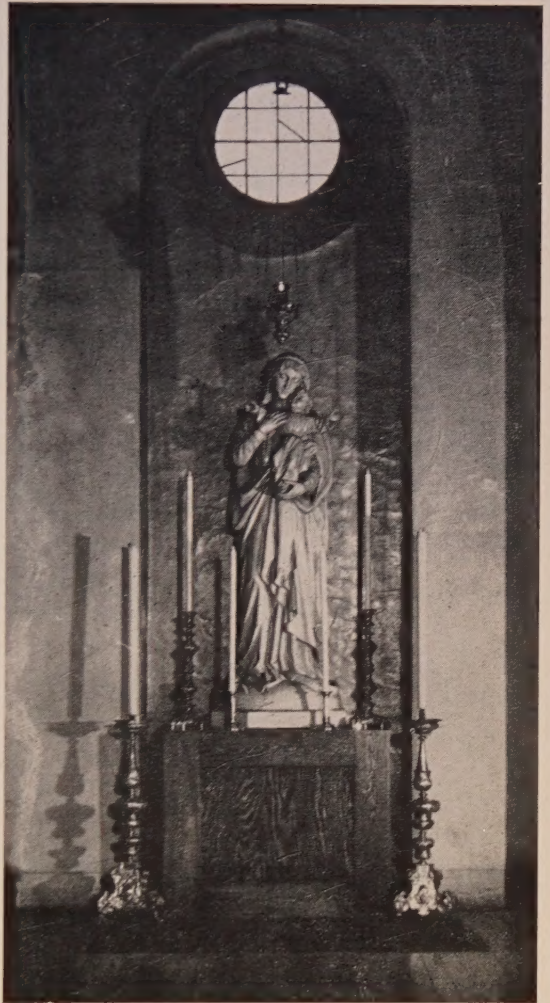
CATHOLICISM: HUMANIST AND DEMOCRATIC, by Robert Woodfield (Greenwich, Conn: The Seabury Press, 1954.) pp. 96. Cloth. \$2.00.

The author of this small book attempts to rehabilitate the now somewhat unfashionable theology of so-called Liberal Catholicism which had its roots in one part of the fertile soil of F. D. Maurice's thought. The plant came to flower in the *Lux Mundi* school, having as its most distinguished exponent, the late Bishop Charles Gore. The school has come to a dead-end largely because of the impact of Neo-Orthodoxy on the one hand and Scholasticism on the other. Now anything that is marked with the "liberal" is suspect. There is much to be said in favor of the constructive and positive side of so-called Liberal Catholicism and it will take a first-class mind to rehabilitate this school of thought.

Liberal Catholicism had its weakness, perhaps two-fold, and it remains a question as well a reconstruction of that tradition to be made at this time. First, in general it was developed as an effort to reconcile orthodoxy with new scientific thought: that new scientific thought of seventy-five years ago. In so doing there was not unnaturally concession to some of the presuppositions which were current at the time and which evoke only scorn or wonder. The basic premise was to be found in an Hegelian idealism which conceived the divine principle working solely (or almost solely) within history. To this basic assumption was added the idea of inevitable moral progress. The great task of Gore and his school was to make some kind of adjustment for theology whereby it could speak to people who held the basic assumptions. It is probable that he was responsible for saving Anglicanism from Fundamentalist controversy in its most recent form. But whether he failed or succeeded is a matter of question, and we are probably too near in point of time to the facts to assess the positive contribution which he made. The second weakness was a readiness to overlook the presence of radical evil in human nature.

Now with the effects of two world wars, the breakdown of Hegelian idealism, and the resurgence of biblical theology, Liberal Catholicism has been placed on the shelf. It remains to be seen just how far the author of this book has succeeded in commending his thesis to the theologically interested.

There are weaknesses in this book which are obvious. In the first place it is entirely too short a work to do justice to a great and venerable tradition which the reviewer thinks it does much towards establishing the distinctive Anglican contribution to Christian thought. The work is little more than a series of quotations from favorite authors, strung together by reflections of a none too critical or discerning a nature. There is also an almost complete omission of biblical references to place the theology in the terms of the well-spring of Christian theology. At times the author falls back upon some of the authorities at their weakest points. Great



LADY SHRINE—HOLY CROSS MONASTERY

as Maurice was and invaluable though his contribution has been, there is nevertheless, in his writings a strong Platonic tradition which equates evil with ignorance: a highly unbiblical concept. This weakness is betrayed in Chapter Six, "Baptism and Confirmation" where the importance of the first sacrament is vitiated by not making it an act of reconciliation of lost sinners to the fold of the Church. To speak of baptism as a "... change of environment, and not a change of essential relationship ... to God", is to overlook grossly what the New Testament teaches about reconciliation.

This work of rehabilitating Liberal Catholicism should be done. We hope this work will encourage a more successful attempt.

—J. G.

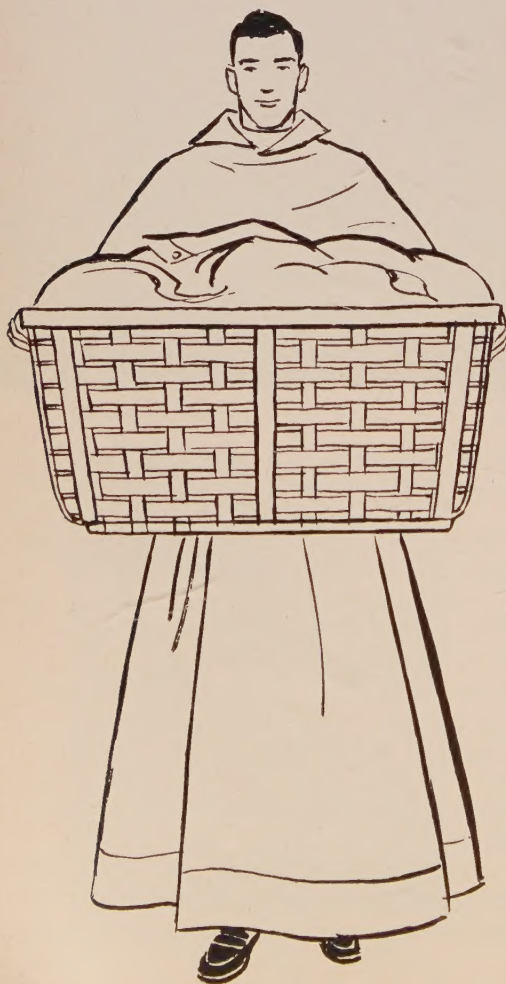
Current Appointments

Father Hawkins will celebrate the early Masses at Zion Church, Wappingers Falls, New York on January 16, 23, and 30.

Father Harris will speak at a Communion breakfast at Saint Stephen's Church, Plainfield, New Jersey on January 16; and will conduct services at Saint Margaret's Church, Margaretville, and Saint Mary's Church, Downville, New York on January 23 and 30.

Father Packard will give a talk on the work of the Liberian Mission at Saint Stephen's Church, Elsmere, New York, on January 18.

Father Adams will give a school of prayer at Saint Paul's Church, Beliot, Kansas, January 10-16.



A VISIT TO THE MONASTERY

It is now possible for all of you to enjoy the beauties of the Monastery here at West Park and see the Religious Life as we live it. The Order of the Holy Cross offers to lend sets of colored film-slide (2"x2") to parish groups and other organizations wishing to learn more about the Religious Life. There are about seventy slides illustrating every phase of our life and work and covering the full round of "a day in the life of a monk." A mimeographed script has been prepared describing each slide. Users will find "An American Cloister" by Father Hughson, O.H.C., helpful in obtaining additional background material and this book is available at \$1.00 from Holy Cross Press. The slides are not for sale, but will be sent on loan for the expense of postage and the offering which is received at their showing. Address requests for the slides to: "O.H.C. Slides," Order of the Holy Cross, West Park, New York.

Notes

Father Superior conducted a retreat for women at the House of the Redeemer, New York City; and gave the pre-Christmas treat to the sisters of the Order of Saint Helena at the Newburgh convent.

Bishop Campbell assisted with confirmations in the Diocese of New Jersey at the Church of our Merciful Saviour, Penn Grove; he also gave one day retreats for the Community of Saint Mary at their convent at Peekskill and Bayside, Long Island.

Father Hawkins held conferences with the Canterbury Club of Hobart College, Geneva, New York.

Father Harris conducted a quiet afternoon at Saint Helena's Convent, Newburgh, New York.

Father Gunn gave the pre-Christmas treat for the community at the monastery, West Park.

Brother James held a mission for young people at Christ Church, Rye, New York.

an Ordo of Worship and Intercession Jan. - Feb. 1955

2nd Sunday after the Epiphany Semidouble G gl col 2) of St. Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop or pref of Trinity—for *catechumens and hearers*

St. Anthony Ab Double W gl—for *the Servants of Christ the King*

St. Prisca VM Simple R gl col 2) of St. Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop—for *the Order of Saint Helena*

Wednesday G Mass of Epiphany ii col 2) of St. Mary 3) for the faithful departed 4) for the Church or Bishop—for *the faithful departed*

SS Fabian and Sebastian MM Double R gl—for *the Priests Associate*

St. Agnes VM Gr Double R gl—for *Saint Agnes' School Bolahun*

St. Vincent M Double R gl—for *Saint Andrew's School*

3d Sunday after the Epiphany Semidouble G gl col 2) of St. Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop or pref Trinity—*thanksgiving for the Sacrament of Holy Orders*

St. Timothy BM Double R gl—for *the bishops of the Church*

Conversion of St. Paul Double II Cl W gl col 2) St. Peter or pref of Apostles—for *the Society of the Sacred Mission*

St. Polycarp BM Double R gl—for *the peace of the world*

St. John Chrysostom BCD Double W gl cr—for *the Orthodox churches*

St. Cyril of Alexandria BCD Double W gl cr—for *the Seminarists Associate*

St. Francis de Sales BCD Double W gl cr—for *our novitiate*

4th Sunday after the Epiphany Semidouble G gl col 2) King Charles Martyr 3) of St Mary or pref of Trinity—for *the conversion of sinners*

Monday G Mass of Epiphany iv col 2) of St. Mary 3) for the faithful departed 4) for the Church or Bishop—for *the Confraternity of the Love of God*

February 1 St. Ignatius BM Double R gl col 2) St. Bridget V—for *the Oblates of Mount Calvary*

Purification BVM Double II Cl W Before Mass blessing and procession of candles V at Mass gl or prop pref—for *the Community of Saint Mary*

St. Blasius BM Simple R gl col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—for *the ill and suffering*

St. Gilbert of Sempringham C Simple W gl col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—for *Mount Calvary Priory*

St. Agatha VM Gr Double R gl—for *the Companions of the Order of the Holy Cross*

Septuagesima Semidouble V col 2) St. Dorothea VM 3) of the Saints or pref of Trinity—for *the unemployed and unemployable*

St. Romuald Ab Double W gl Tract instead of Alleluia in festal Masses till Easter—for *vocations to the religious life*

Tuesday V Mass of LXX col 2) of the Saints 3) for the faithful departed 4) *ad lib* Gradual without Tract in ferial Masses till Lent—for *chaplains in the armed services*

Wednesday V Mass of LXX col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—for *the Liberian Mission*

St. Scholastica V Double W gl—for *the Holy Cross Press*

Friday V Mass as on February 9—for *the Confraternity of the Christian Life*

Of St. Mary Simple W gl col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop pref BVM (Veneration)—for *Christian family life*

Sexagesima Semidouble V col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib* or pref of Trinity—for *parochial missions*

St. Valentine M Simple R gl col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—for *the persecuted*

Tuesday V Mass of LX col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—for *Christian reunion*

. . . Press Notes . . .

MORE MEN THAN. "The two ads were very nice and I am pleased. The results have been good. It may interest you to know that more men than women have responded to the ads."

GOOD QUALITY. "We liked our ad in your current issue, and the response has been good. We are impressed with the *quality* of the inquiries."

OUTNUMBERED. "We are satisfied with our ad in your October issue. Already it has brought in more than the back cover ad in ———. As we understand it, your magazine has a circulation of about 3,000 while ——— has 63,000!"

FORGIVE US. The above "testimonials" as to the drawing power of an advertisement in our *Holy Cross Magazine* were unsolicited, and they bear out our contention that our readers *do* buy books, and devotional articles. You will have to forgive us if we seem to boast.

WEST PARK. For the benefit of new subscribers we wish to say that West Park, N. Y. is a tiny hamlet on the west shore of the Hudson River approximately 85 miles north of New York City. In our travels we rarely meet anyone who knows where we live, but when we say that we are almost directly across the river from Hyde Park —well, that rings a bell. Our Mother House was built here about fifty years ago, and The Press operates from here. We do not have our own presses. All printing is done outside, but book and Tract orders are filled here. *Holy Cross Magazine* is printed in, and mailed from, Poughkeepsie, which is six miles south on the opposite shore.

FORWARD MOVEMENT. We are always glad to recommend the publication of *The Forward Movement*, 412 Sycamore Street, Cincinnati, 2, Ohio. They are bringing out an ever increasing number of Tracts and like all such publications (including our own), some are superior to others. In the main, you will find excellent devotional material, and sound Church teaching. Place your orders direct. Ask them to send you a List.

RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES. The Poor Clares (an Order for women in the Episcopal Church) are busily engaged in revising our book on the religious communities in the Episcopal Church, and will hope to publish the new edition late Spring. We ask your prayers for the sisters.

WELCOME. If you are seeing *Holy Cross Magazine* for the first time, we want to assure you of a warm welcome to membership in our "Holy Cross Family". We will remember you at our altars, and we ask your prayers for us and our several workers. To us, you are much more than just a subscriber; you are now united to us in a special bond—the bond of prayer. At least once a week we offer the Holy Sacrifice on behalf of our publishing work, and we invoke God's blessing on our readers.

RESOLUTIONS. Perhaps you made some for the New Year, and possibly you have already broken them. Don't give up. One of the most wonderful things about Christian religion is that we can always begin again. Right now.

HOLY CROSS PRESS

West Park, N. Y.

November 18th, 1954